were accounted next in merit to those of Phidias and Polycletus.

Talent, however, for successful practice few can possess: but knowledge of art all may acquire, and I am convinced the time is not distant when an acquaintance with the principles of taste, and a high cultivation of the sense of beauty, will be deemed essential both to the lady and the gentleman.

There is a proneness (and perhaps, among other causes, it lies at the root of the evil) to regret the past, as if the age of the poetical (which involves the feeling for the beautiful) was gone by: it is by too many supposed that the development of science is destructive of the material for poetry; that, as we unveil the secrets of nature, and attain to a comprehension of her bidden mechanism and forces, we strip her of her charms, and dispel the magic of her power. Such persons want a deeper insight into nature, and broader views of the poetic. The supposition that there is no poetry in the present, that the state of things at this day is inimical to its development, is narrow and unphilosophical. Poetry and science may exist together in perfect harmony, the latter innocent of the destruction of a single grace or embellishment of life; and not only are they reconcileable, they may even become helpmates to each other, for it may be asked whether the creative faculties are not more expanded by the mind attaining to higher views of the laws of the universe—whether it be not more satisfactory to the imagination to see facts, apparently different, brought under one common law, than to be obliged to seek a special cause for each effect. Parnassus is not alone the holy ground of genius. There may be as much poetry in a railway, a viaduct, or a telegraph, as in the Parthenon, the great Pyramid, or Temple of Karnack; and more in the daily and humble life of the cotter, than existed in the hall of the feudal baron. Anything that exhibits man's power, or results from an expansion of his nature—whatever is connected with the great questions of life and progress—is poetical. Poetry is the very essence of nature; "it is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge; it is the impassioned expression of all science." Its chief hold is the heart of man, and he is the same mysterious being, "fearfully and wonderfully made," that he ever was, and while the heart can feel poetry must endure: "we are" still "such stuff as dreams are made of:" the higher we rise in the scale of intelligence, the wider for us becomes the sphere of the poetic, and the power of the poet; for the domain of poetry is as boundless as the universe.

At the same time, we have a right to call in the aid of the past to enrich the present; and, in that right, we have an advantage over all foregone nations and times. All Egypt, Greece, Rome, and Etruria are ours; but we must use them with wisdom and taste. What we glean from them must be rightly understood, and well digested in our own minds, before being applied to the demands of the present. Archæology is valuable so far as it sheds the beauty and wisdom of the past on the present, and no further. The legitimate office of the antiquary, as I take it, is that of pioneer to the architect and artist, in exploring the remains of antiquity, and examining the legacies of Time. The Beautiful slumbers in the ashes of the past; buried under centuries of fallen ruins and rubbish; and all that feel an interest in the advancement of public taste will delight to assist in its resurrection, that its spirit may be infused into modern art. But we should linger over these relics only so far as they are instinct either with beauty or truth: anything beyond this—any worship of the past only because it *is* past, is idolatry: any lifting of the veil of the bygone time, merely for the gratification of curiosity, is unworthy of human intelligence.

Samuel Huggins.

Example to Workmen.—The yarn dyers in Glasgow, about 400, have had a series of lectures delivered by Mr. Napier on the use of chemistry in dyeing, which have been exceedingly well attended: they have also had candidates for prizes awarded to the best essay on the subject; and are organising a library among themselves. The movement has originated among the operatives alone.

ARCHITECTURAL INSTITUTE OF SCOTLAND.

The first annual general meeting of this Association was held, in Edinburgh, on the 28th ultimo, the Earl of Morton in the chair, when the officers for the current year were elected, and the report of the council, to which we have already alluded, was received.

The Chairman having addressed the meeting, Dr. Grant delivered a long and interesting discourse. In the course of it he said,—"The finest work on canvas is comparatively soon lost to the world, but architecture has raised monuments that have defied for ages the wasting hand of time—which have resisted the ravages of war and the destroying violence of barbarism, and stand forth to this day proud relics of bygone years, guiding the taste, and ministering to the enjoyment, not of one only, but of a thousand generations. It were needless to say in how many ways this feature of the architectural art invests it with interest beyond almost every other. Hence it is that, in the study of it, we can start with peculiar advantages, for it admits of a handing down in some measure of all the improvements of the art from generation to generation, even as general knowledge is handed down in written language. Hence it is that, even as we have preserved to us the immortal and invaluable literary productions—the poetry and eloquence and philosophy—of enlightened Greece—so we have also the Temple of Minerva, exhibiting the very essence of Grecian taste, still crowning the Acropolis of Athens, and attesting the glories of the age of Pericles;—that, as we have the songs of the Mantuan bard, and the classic eloquence in which Tully spake, we have also the Pantheon, a glorious relic of the Augustan age, and the columns and triumphal arches of the empire, the remains of Roman grandeur that still adorn the city of the Cæsars. How wide, then, the school in which the art may be learned! How extended the field of study! How varied and numerous the models to chasten and improve the taste!"

After reviewing the works of various periods, the lecturer said,—"As to the progress and state of architecture in Scotland, I have already said that there exist here various ancient productions of the art indicating great skill and taste, but they consist chiefly of ecclesiastical edifices, and few, probably, if any of them, were the work of native artists. Attention to the art in modern times is of recent origin; and though I cannot speak but with respect of the spirit that has at length been awakened, and of the talents and successful efforts of those among us professionally devoted to the art, I fully concur with the originators of the Institute in the conviction they express, that the art 'has not attained that position in the estimation of the people to which it is entitled.' The remark, I believe, will apply to other parts of the country, and to other countries of Europe. Indeed, it seems to be too much forgotten how very far the modern world is behind the ancient as respects the principles of taste, and those productions of art which form the best and highest criterion of what is properly termed civilisation. In regard to these, we are but children as compared with various refined nations of antiquity. Look at their works in every department of human genius!—The study of the classic authors of Greece and Rome—those master spirits—is universally prescribed as the best mode of disciplining our minds, unfolding our powers, forming our taste, and training us to correct thought, as well as the proper and elegant expression of it. The specimens of their sculpture that have been preserved stand unrivalled; and from their monuments of architecture, in like manner, we are content to learn the first principles of taste and skilful adaptation. They embody principles that are imperishable, and from them are deduced laws whose authority is everywhere recognised. The present, indeed, though in many respects a wonderful—an industrious and plodding—is a dull and unimaginative, and withal, perhaps, rather a conceited generation. We certainly far excel the ancients in some of the appliances of external comfort, and in many of the material enjoyments of life, and our knowledge of natural science, and our discoveries, have been carried to an extent most creditable to modern effort, and of which the ancients could not even form a conception. But we should never forget that a knowledge of taste and art is an essential mark of high mental effort and cultivation, and that if we would study these with success, we must, with all our pride and self-sufficiency, be content to sit at the feet of ancient masters. Our progress as yet has been nothing, as compared with that made—I do not say by Greece and Rome—but even by some nations that have almost passed away from remembrance."

In his conclusion, the Doctor expressed a hope, in which we unite with him, that the professional members of the Institute,—the Fellows,—will remember that they are brought here, not as to a field of jealousy and angry contention, but to a scene of united and social effort where they are all to regard themselves as devoted to a noble art, and everything is to be eschewed that would degrade their science to the level of a trade—where lofty aspirations are to be cherished, and manly and honourable rivalry alone is to prevail—a rivalry worthy of educated and enlightened men.

SIGHTS AND SCENERY.

At the *Portland Gallery, Regent-street*, a very interesting Diorama of the Ganges and Calcutta, painted by Mr. T. C. Dibdin, has been opened, and deserves a visit. It commences from the point at which Mr. Grieve's admirable Diorama of the "Overland Route" terminates, namely, Calcutta, of which it gives nearly every building: thence, proceeding across the jungle to the country of Orissa, the seat of Indian idolatry, the spectator is taken to the black pagoda by moonlight, and thence to the temple of Juggernaut at the period of the great annual festival. The second part includes the Ganges, the city of Benares, Chunar, Allahabad, and Taj Mahal at Agra. The greater part of the Diorama is beautifully painted, the foliage and trees very boldly touched in. Mr. Buss has aided with the figures and animals, and its accuracy will not be doubted, at all events by *our* readers, when we say that the diorama is painted from sketches made by Mr. James Fergusson during his long residence in the country,—a residence he has made so profitable to all of us. The variations of light, too, are exceedingly well managed, as is the junction of the different parts so as to avoid breaks. We are sincere in complimenting Mr. Dibdin on his work, and hope he will obtain the patronage he deserves.*

At *Willis's Rooms, St. James's*, an offshoot of the "Overland Route" is exhibiting by Mr. Stocqueler, who is certainly one of the best exponents of a diorama that has yet appeared, having the art of just telling enough, and saying his say in an easy way. The diorama illustrates "Life in India," and consists of a series of separate pictures, which pleasingly serve to show mamma and sisters what the poor dear "Captain" is about, for the good of his country.

The Lyceum Theatre.—The nature of a piece just now produced at this theatre, called "A Day of Reckoning," is very different from those usually given here; but its "getting up" is not, for this is excellent. It must not be inferred, however, from this antithesis, that the piece is not good: quite the reverse: it is an adaptation very felicitously and artistically made by Mr. Planché, and, though in the hands of others it might be degenerated into a "double-stamp" melodrama of the old Coburg school, it is here a finished exposition of a particular phase of life. The pathos and patience of Madame Vestris, and the polished elegance and intense scoundrelism of Mr. Charles Matthews, are equal to anything of the class ever shown on the stage. But to confine ourselves to our province, which in this case extends to pointing out for admiration the opening scene in the last act,—a summer-house and garden, with terrace approached by balustraded steps, on the sea-shore, although we have seen the elements of it before. The sky and sea, in this and the last scene, are admirably painted: indeed, in giving freshness and air to his pictures, Mr. Beverly has no superior. The drawing-room scene in the first act only needs a carpet to

* We suggest to the lecturer that he should be more conversational, and less declamatory.

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